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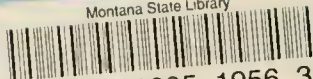
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NUMBER V



Art Show At Missoula

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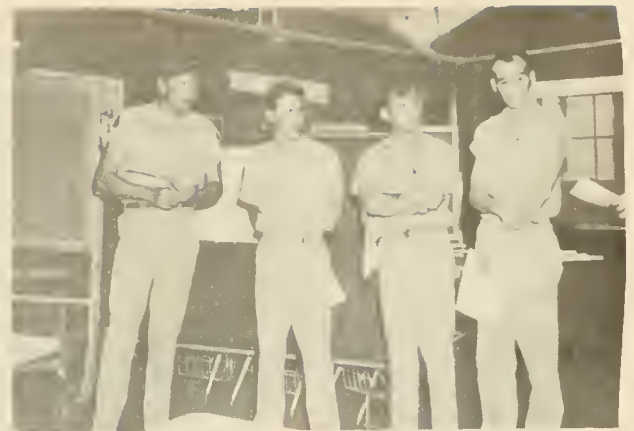
TOASTMASTERS



The annual awards meeting of the Toastmasters Club was held at 6:00 p.m., on July 19, in the Cottonwood Union School with President George A. Kimble presiding. Eighteen members were present; four of which were voted in prior to the awards ceremony.

Guests attending the meeting were: Thomas Carter, Area 1 Governor, and his wife Bonnie, who is the immediate Past President of the Butte Toastmistressess Club, past Club Counselor, Mr. Gordon Thompson, Mr. Harry Hunter and his wife, and the Warden, Roger W. Crist.

The first award of the evening was presented by the president Mr. Kimble to Mr. Harry Hunter, in the form of an Honorary Membership to the Toastmasters Club, for his involvement with the inmates of this institution. Warden Crist then handed out the quarterly awards for speeches to: William F. Bernhardt-1st, James H. Brod-



niak-2nd, and Lewis C. Beauchamp -3rd. James Brodniak was given a certificate of progress for completeing the first book of communication and Leadership. Gordon Thompson gave Alton Rozzell, James Brodniak, William Bernhardt and George Kimble awards for being a speech winner of the Club's weekly speeches. Mr. Thomas Carter presented Distinguished Service Awards to Jamse M. Brodniak, William B. Bernhardt and President George A. Kimble. Mr. Kimble also received his certificate of completion and has become the Clubs first Able Gaveler.

After the awards were given, James Brodniak recited a poem entitled "Gunga Din", and George Kimble read a poem of his own creation entitled, "Fly Home in Hell."

Visiting was then permitted and the meeting was closed at 1:00 P.M., by the President, George A. Kimble.



PRISON ART & CRAFTS SHOW AND SALE

TOM AND DEE AT
THE SHOW & SALE'S
FIRST HOURS.



START THE SALES!

...COVER STORY





On the 17th of July the Montana State Prison inmates were allowed to open an art and craft show and sale on the University of Montana campus, at Missoula. The show & sale contained only works done by the inmates of M. S. P. It is the first time that the administration has allowed this type of inmate hobby craft show to be held.

The show was sponsored by Tom Zentner and Dee Woolston of the University Psychology Department. Both of these men are graduate students in psychology and do part time work here at the prison. These two men worked out the sale of all materials, and handled all of the funds and hobby items.





Hobby items of all sorts were represented at the show. There was bead-work, leather, sketching, painting, and decoupage. The sales total was near \$600.00.

Although this four day sale at the University was a first for MSP inmates, it will probably not be the last. In fact, another show and sale is projected to be just after Thanksgiving.

The MP NEWS would like to extend thanks to Hal Ross who did the fine photographic work to go with this article. Thanks Hal, Tom and Dee.

By Rande Braden





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ESCAPE

**FROM
OUR PAST**

HELP renew a Citizen
..... hire a **PAROLEE**

<http://www.archive.org/details/mpnewsjul1972mont>

ATTENTION EMPLOYERS



**Make him a TAXPAYER
NOT a.....TAXBURDEN**

SPORTS

With the summer of '66 y' Ball!!' resounding from the walls of the institution, another season is past, and that summer is slowly diminishing. Gladly to see, we have moved up to the winning side of the win - loss column, but still not good enough to be in the 1st division. (Team total for the year was 10 wins and six losses.) The teams overall batting average is a very impressive .514, and is led by 'Gordo' Wilkens with .676 and followed by Adrian 'Heif' Haseel with a .541, both playing the full seventeen games. The rest of the team is listed below with their batting averages and number of games played.

The final standings will not be decided until a league play-off has been completed between the last four teams (this taking place as we now go to press). So until next season, this about wraps it up for softball and thanks to everybody who participated in making it a more enjoyable summer for us by running out on the field when the yell came to PI Y B'IL! BY BOB KELLER



**SEE YOU.....!!
NEXT MONTH!!**



BALTY	65	44
MASSELLAH	67	39

.676	
.458	16
.587	17

OSIER	52	30
-------	----	----

.576	15
------	----

MADISON	53	23
---------	----	----

.433	13
------	----

STONE	57	29
-------	----	----

.508	15
------	----

MATT	53	16
------	----	----

.301	16
------	----

KELLER	24	10
--------	----	----

.417	7
------	---

BALDWIN	22	10
---------	----	----

.454	7
------	---

HIRST	17	7
-------	----	---

.411	6
------	---

STROUP	18	8
--------	----	---

.444	5
------	---

WRIGHT	16	4
--------	----	---

.250	5
------	---

MCDONALD	16	6
----------	----	---

.375	5
------	---

GARDNER	17	10
---------	----	----

.588	4
------	---

BOURDON	12	7
---------	----	---

.583	3
------	---

PARKER	10	8
--------	----	---

.800	3
------	---

DANIELS		7
---------	--	---

.875	2
------	---



Temporary Leave - - - - Warden Crist

By now I am sure that most of the individuals in the institution have read in one newspaper or another about the temporary leave program that we are proposing. The newspapers printed a limited version of this program and I, therefore, felt that you would be interested in seeing the whole proposed law. It reads as follows:

TEMPORARY LEAVE FOR INMATES: The Warden of Montana State Prison may, at his discretion, promulgate rules and regulations to permit an inmate confined in such institution to:

- a. Go to the bedside of a close relative of the inmate.
- b. Attend the funeral of a close relative.
- c. Contact prospective employers for the purpose of obtaining employment prior to parole or discharge.
- d. To visit his family.
- e. To obtain medical services not otherwise available.
- f. Or for any other reason consistent with approved rehabilitative and correctional practices.

Such temporary leave may be granted at the discretion of the Warden with or without direct supervision. Temporary leave will not exceed 48 hours plus travel time with the provision this may be extended under unusual circumstances. The parole agent and the sheriff in the area to which the man is going will be notified in advance of the temporary leave. No temporary leave will be granted for travel outside the state of Montana.

MP NEWS

EXTRA

Being A Tour Guide

By D. Tamietti

One of the things that the institution does for the general public is that it allows tours to come through the prison and spend a couple of hours, to see what's here and to talk to a real live convict.

Myself and other volunteers are the convicts that they see and listen to and ask questions of. On a normal tour, two convicts will spend about an hour and one half in an informal 'rap' session with the outside group. During this time we will endeavor to make the outside people understand what it is like for a person to live in an artificially structured society, that reeks of bureaucratic ineptness.

When one encounters these outside groups, you come face to face with all the prejudices and untruths that street people have towards convicts, and trying to counter their prejudices is what the entire session usually consists of. One must actually establish that convicts truly are real human beings and not animals to be locked away. For the outside people are positive in proportion to their ignorance, representing the whole Astrol world as identical with their own very limited area. "They think the rusric cackle of their burgh, the murmur of the world."

Actually, these informal rap sessions are quite rewarding, in that you are allowed to say the truth about your life and there is no interference from the escorts. I personally get a lot of satisfaction in telling how it is and perhaps others could also.

I recently read a book entitled "The Great Sunshine War". It is a book about high-speed chases and high action between the moonshiners and the Treasury Department agents. It is truly a fascinating book. But what in the name of the great blue earth-mover does this have to do with Montana State Prison? Well, it appears as though I was not the only person to have read this literature; that is what it has to do with this prison. That and The Great Bruno War.

What? You haven't heard about The Great Bruno War? You don't even know what Bruno is? All that I can say is "WOW!" That is the word (oops! I mean prison) coming to me. Perhaps I should begin with a rough rundown on Bruno. Bruno is an alcoholic substance that is often made for the purposes of drinking, without the consent or knowledge of that ambiguous personality known as administration. To make Bruno you begin with a container to hold as many gallons as you would like to make. Step one: Obtain a substance that will refine, ferment or can be distilled, leaving this alcoholic substance known as Bruno. Step three: Find some nice warm place to allow the mixture to do its work (preferably some place where the 'man' is not going to see, smell or look hard enough to find it!) After these procedures, you should have a drink that can be drunk and cause a condition of euphoria or possibly even inebriation to exist. In a few minor samples (purely in the interest of scientific experiment!), I discovered that some of the products made here illicitly are quite good; better than some commercial alcoholic drinks!

To say the least, the 'war' itself was short lived, if not a total disgrace as wars go. Well, I mean how much war can only twelve inebriants conduct? Of course, when a dozen, or so, men become to some degree intoxicated there is bound to be a certain amount of hilarity and possibly even a fight or two amongst those who have inbibed too freely in the spirits available. Question: How many gallons of this illicit intoxicant can any one person hold and still be considered dangerous to anyone or anything? And just how potent (what alcohol percentage) is this great brew? I am certain that these two questions will vary from individual to individual and from Bruno to Bruno, but GOD GRIEF! I am also certain that some of the battle-minded inebriants could not have weighed more than 120 pounds even with twenty gallons of joy juice in and on them! Fantastic! All that I can say in the light of the total uproar is fan-tas-tic!

According to what small information I have been able to gather, the war began innocuously enough with the arrest and immediate conviction of just one man. But then from somewhere or another more people appeared until there were a number of not simply inebriants, but more officers, sergeants, lieutenants, captains, deputy wardens, and wardens than it would have taken to quell a major riot, if that had happened. Which it did not. Repeat, DID NOT. From my point of view, the whole 'war' was rather interesting, to be candid. There I am playing pool, and winning mind you, when all of a sudden I see more people invading the hobby and recreation room than I knew to even exist since I had my little arrival here over two years ago. "Everybody to the cells." I mean everybody! It seemed as though someone still wasn't sure that we were all alive and fit, so a walking .357 Magnum revolver was dispensed to the cat-walk and told the Khaki people "Be cool. Peace. Everything is alright." I guess so. I was the only person in my cell and I don't have too great a penchant for self-destruction. You should have seen all of the pretty riot equipment - I don't really know what it was to be (or was?) used for, but it sure was impressive!

There does reason end? There did reasonable conduct and verbal discussion breakdown during this 'war'? No one seems to be able to answer or else no one is willing to cop out. Well, it doesn't really matter. The Great Bruno War is over for today. I just wish someone could/would go to the store and buy a pound of concern, an ounce of humanity and maybe a pinch of love. If not, how about a new store?

MSP EDUCATION

By James Diezinger

Cottonwood Union School, our school here at Montana State Prison, covers grades 1-12. At present the staff of the school is devising a program of taped lessons which will allow a much closer contact between student and teacher and will fill the individuals needs better than the previous system which was used. This project will take many hours before it will be placed on an operable level. While it is being prepared the school will operate (starting in September) on a basis of preparing the student for the General Equivalency Diploma. However, for those who are deficient by only a few credits towards high school graduation provision can be made to make up such deficiencies so that a high school diploma may be granted. It is hoped that the ILDS (taped lessons) program will be partially completed this year and will be available to students on some levels.

Anyone interested in attending school this year should send a kite to Mr. Jaksha, Director of Education and Training. Also it should be mentioned that anyone attending school earns an extra three days a month good time.

Mr. Don Lee, who is our Vocational Rehabilitation representative here at the prison, is able to supply correspondence courses to inmates who qualify. These courses can be college or vocational courses. All the courses are supervised through the school and anyone taking courses will earn three days a month good time for school. Mr. Lee must have approval from Helena before any correspondence courses can be granted to an inmate, so if you're interested contact Mr. Lee and get the paper work started. It can take up to two months for the approval and granting of the course.

ENTERTAINMENT



THE PFLANZ TRIO

The Pflanz Trio. A total musical variety show, with some of the best sounds to ever grace the walls of Montana State Prison. These three young men, Dave age 20, Dennis age 17, and Danny Pflanz, age 19, are definately among the top musicians in the north-western United States. It is amazing that three people so young could become so proficient on there chosen instruments of electric organ, drums, and lead guitar, respectively. There are no superlatives great enough to describe the beauty in sound that came from these three men.

The show began as a couple of rock numbers. One of them being a song called "Two Hangmen". This song spoke to people with its words of 'why oh why' and rahter slow rock beat - it soon progressed into a much harder rock-type of protest sound, that litterally brought the cons out of their chairs.

The next item on the agenda was a rollicking jazz tune that really showed some fantastic versitility on the part of the Trio. I had one thought stick in my mind throughout this whole song: "If that electric organ could talk in an understandable language, it could only know the sounds of love."

One of the best blues renditions ever heard here came next, with the fantastic sound of "Low Down Blues". This song seemed to totally involve and get the feeling to come forth from the Pflanz brothers.

To go into each of the songs with my own analysis would be rediculous, so I'll simply give a few of the titles presented: "Heart of Gold", "It Don't Come Easy" (sung by Dennis, the drummer), "Jumping Jack Flash", "Down by the River", "Hey Jude", "Never Been to Spain", "Almost Cut My Hair", and so many, many others. I do have a few thoughts on each of the performers - - Dave Pflanz on the electric organ - A musically talented individual whoose sounds brought joy and happiness into a few lives for a few minutes. Dennis Pflanz on the drums - A young man that truely has a penchant for baeting out music, as well as being the preverbial time keeper. Danny Pflanz on lead guitar - Probably one of the most talented lead guitar players in young America, he did most of the singing, and is beyond description in his great ability to play so many different types of music. Each is a fantastic individual; together they form a great group.

The program closed with a song that has been sung for generations and just recently placed high on the nations music charts by Judy Collins - "Amazing Grace". Dave Pflanz came off the electric organ and played his own accompaniment on the guitar for this song. When he finished the silence was so total that a pin could have been heard to drop for two or three seconds before a thunderous aprlause engulfed the entire auditorium.

These three wonderful musicians are currently on a Holiday Inn tour and are playing in Great Falls right now. Their next engagement will either be East or West-Florida or California. Where ever they travel we at M.S.P. wish them the best of luck always in a fruitful carreer. We also would like to express thanks to their managers, Jack Hurska and Jim Bruckner. The hard work of arranging such a show is more appreciated than mere words can ever say. Simply, THANKS!

john-john

BAHAI

The Baha'i's held their first Fireside since April. We now have a sponser and we will be meeting each Tuesday evening, starting at yard time. These meetings are all open and every one is invited to attend. 'Abdu'l-Baha on his visit to America in 1912 instituted the Fireside. It's about the cosiest name that one can think of for a meeting; that is sitting around the fireplace in a circle discussing and learning about God's latest revelation to mankind. Both Presidents Woodrow Wilson and Franklin D. Roosevelt attended Baha'i Firesides. Later Wilson brought forth his concept of the League of Nations from studying the writings of Baha'u'llah, the founder of the Baha'i Faith, which literally translated into English means the "Glory of God." He claims that Jesus was prophesying of his advent when He said: The son of Man will come in the glory of the Father (Mark 8:38), which means Baha'u'llah in several semitic languages. President Roosevelt after reading the Baha'i literature and attending firesides for a number of years with his wife, Eleanor, near the end of the Second World War instituted the United Nations, but he died before he was able to establish peace on earth. The Baha'i teachings are for the establishment of peace on earth and the brotherhood of man. Some of the principals of the Baha'i Faith are the oneness of mankind, the oneness of religion, and that religion and science must agree and Baha'u'llah and 'Abdu'l-Baha put forth the teachings for the establishment of a Universal House of Justice for the management of affairs between the nations.

The message of the Baha'i Faith and the establishment of the first Guardian of the Baha'i Faith, has been established in every country, every state of the United States, and every province, possession and island in the world outside of the Soviet Orbit. And it is the fastest growing religion in the world, for of the peoples find in the Baha'i Faith the fulfillment of the prophecies of their own religion.

There is no clergy or priesthood in this new religion. It is taught in Firesides, which are open for discussion. One of the greatest events in religious prophecy has been fulfilled right here behind "This Stone With Seven Eyes." There are no charges or admission fees and there is nothing to join. We thank Mr. Linder for being our sponser. Come and enjoy these fireside chats.

BY BILL BERNHARDT



CHAPLAINS CORNER

I am your newly assigned Catholic Chaplain replacing Father Fleming. This assignment started July 7, when our Bishop, the Most Rev. Raymond G. Hunthausen, asked me to become your chaplain. By the way Bishop Hunthausen and I are Carroll College classmates, members of the Fighting Saints football team of 1939-1943, which went undefeated and unscored on for three years. Also we attended the seminary of St. Thomas at Seattle and were ordained in 1946 to the service of the Lord. There is no connection to this bit of news and my assignment here.

The tenure of my priesthood is now twenty-six years, having celebrated my silver jubilee last year. My first permanent assignment was to the college town of Bozeman, where I remained for four years, working with the youth. It was the period immediately after World War II when a huge influx of returning GI's jumped the enrollment of Montana State College from 1700 to a 100% increase of 3400. My work with high school, college students and faculty was a quick, maturing experience.

Appointment to the Richest Hill on Earth, Butte, followed. The scene was St. John the Evangelist parish, where it was my pleasure to work with a great educator, Monsignor Emmet Riley, who was the pastor and who was formerly president of Carroll College. Besides my priestly duties, which always come first with me, I was totally absorbed in the athletic program on a grade school level in the City of Butte. I put into action a skill learned at Montana State of training physical education students to be coaches. I got paid \$50.00 a trainee per quarter by the college. With well trained coaches at St. John's, the school won many championships in all sports. Nine years passed quickly.

From assistant pastor for 14 years, the opportunity came for my own pastorate at Laurin, which embraces the Valleys of the Ruby and Madison and the West Yellowstone territory. Started my first venture in construction. It was a prefabricated wooden structure. With the assistance of a carpenter foreman, two hired laborers and the generous labor-time donated by the Knights of Columbus, a modest but imposing structure was raised on the grassy slopes of the Madison Valley at Ennis. Thinking that I was entrenched in an area of plenty of fishing and hunting, a thought that was rudely interrupted, by the arrival of a communique from Bishop Hunthausen, which said "go to the Blackfeet Reservation."

At Little Flower Parish in Browning an about-face had to be made in my style of living. From the hustle and bustle type of life, which is the way of every pastor, I had to gear myself to the slow, easy pace of life of the Blackfeet Indian before I could reach him. It took about a year for the Blackfeet to size me up. After another two years I received honorary adoption into the Blackfeet Tribe as 'Wolf Trail Blazer'.

A parish was finished in two years. This building became the center facet of the life of the town of Browning social events until the Blackfeet built their own Tribal center. While pastor for 7 years I aided in the construction as vice-chairman of the housing commission of the Blackfeet Tribe, served on the delinquency committee of law and order and gave a hand as a Red Cross volunteer worker in Browning for four years. I might mention that my work as a priest included with the aid of an assistant pastor, the care of thousands of souls vacationing at the many resorts and hotels of East Glacier Park. Had a great opportunity to make Bishop Hunthausen the hay king of Montana, by raising hay on the ranch owned by the Diocese of Helena, but the venture came to an end when the Blackfeet Tribal Council purchased the ranch, and the postman handed me a letter

• of no return; my appointment to the prison.

Prison duty. What's it like? How different will the people be? These and other questions entered my mind. It was not long in coming--I mean some instructions. My first interview was with Warden Crist. It was cordial, brief and to the point. The point being: "We have rules and regulations, some of which may seem non-essential, but they are still important even though the purpose is not clear." This thought was still lingering in my mind when an officer escorted me through the first of many steel doors. Do they have to always bang, bang, bang. That bang, bang makes everything sound so secure. Does one ever get used to it!! I guess time will tell.

Another loaded question, depending on who asks it is: "How do you like the place?" Do they want to find out about the food? What do I think of the guards? What do I think of the inmates? Do I find the cells neat and orderly? Is everybody smiling and happy? Sorry. For the answers to these, ask me a year from now.

My four-week tenure here has had some traumatic moments. One of these has been the pilfering of my straw-hat the first day at the N.A.I.L. meeting, when I went up front to acknowledge my presence before the crowd. When I returned, it was gone. A search and rescue crew returned the same. Don't forget, I'll be at your service.

Rev. Patrick N. Sitmatz, Catholic Chaplain

* * * * *

"GROW UP! GROW UP! GROW UP!"

Which of us, at some time, hasn't had someone remind us that this is what we needed to do? And when each of us is able to get over the humiliation of having such a reminder, each of us should agree that this is the direction in which we ought to be moving.

MATURITY is another word for growing up, and I am happy to realize that the matter of acting more mature on every level of our thinking and acting is something everyone of us needs to keep working at, whoever we are, however long we've been around.

God gives to everyone of us the capability of taking inventory of where we are and how we got there. And if we find ourselves in difficulty, then in the process of "growing up", or "maturing", we can also stop and figure out what to do. We don't have to keep on making the same old mistakes. We can reject them for a better course that works to our advantage and benefit, and that considers others.

Among the things that the average one of us needs to mature in is a discovery of how a faith in God works to one's benefit. When God becomes a factor in a man's thinking he gains a new perspective on every level---toward himself, toward others, toward the whole of life. I would encourage you to either talk to Chaplain Sitmatz or me anytime on the "how" of letting God become a larger and more helpful factor in your life.

In line of special opportunities for considering "The Adventure of Godly Living", we are happy to announce that the Rev. Ralph Bell, Bellvue, Colorado, TEAM EVANGELIST ON THE BILLY GRAHAM CRUSADE, will visit our institution on Sunday, Sept. 10, with an opportunity for every man to meet him and receive his message. Let's all avail ourselves of this privilege.

Your Chaplain and friend,
A. C. Kiberud

EDITOR'S NOTE: THE FOLLOWING POETRY WAS SENT AND WRITTEN BY LORAINNE ALBRECHT,
OF BOSTON, MASS. THE CHAPLAIN ASKED THAT WE FIND SPACE IN THE CHAPLAIN'S COR-
ner for SOME OF IT. SO, HERE IT IS AND THANKS, TO YOU, LORRAINE.

* * * * *

TORMENT

Some men torment
For want of riches,
Some men torment
for want of bread,
Some men torment
For want of health,
Other men torment
For want of freedom,
But no man
Need torment
For the want of love,
For Love lives in all men -
Love Himself knew torment -
He fashioned it into
A thing of beauty, His torment -
His torment became our joy -
We need not torment
For want of love,
For Love's torment
Became our joy,
And in our joy
We find our love.

HOW GREAT THE HEART OF JESUS

How great the heart of Jesus:
The Heart who loves every soul,
The Heart whose only goal
Is to serve and to share
Living bread and to bear
Men's burdens, trials, fears -
All His yoke will carry -
Jesus, lifter of hearts,
He who never departs,
Jesus, forever steadfast -
How great the Heart of Jesus:

TENDERNESS

When all
Tenderness
Is gone from life -
When all is dry
As a parched leaf,
I reach for You, Jesus,
Tenderest of all -
Sufferer,
Who takes my pain,
Carrying it
In Your heart,
Making me free -
The leaf greens,
And I remember
Tenderness.

St. John 10:28

IN YOUR HAND

Safe in Your hand
We abide, Jesus,
Where no man
Can pluck us out.

Safe in Your hand
We abide, Jesus,
Where we will
Not perish.

Safe in Your hand
We abide, Jesus,
Where You will
Hold us fast,
Then carry us
On into eternity.

Safe in Your hand
We abide, Jesus.



The following material was received from....well, someone sent it, and we on the M. P. News like it. Perhaps, you (whoever you are) could send us some more material some day, this time even signing your name, so as to get proper credit. At any rate, we love you too! EDITOR.

Rande Braden: Being a very interested reader of the M. P. News each month, I have decided to attempt to contribute to your poetry section. The enclosed poem is one created by myself and I would like very much to have the opportunity to share it with the other readers of the M. P. News. That is, of course, if you think it is worth printing. If it is not up to the standards of your usual poetry I can understand as I am sure that you have many poems from which to choose. I appreciate your time in reading it though. SINCERELY YOURS "?"

* VISIONS OF A DAY LONG PAST *

AT LAST THE TIME HAS COME TO GO
AND FLEE BEFORE AN ANGERED WIND OF HOSTILE HOSTS
TO LOSE MY SOUL IN BLINDING SNOW
HIDING FROM POLLUTED COASTS
THE PAST IS GONE YET IT CRIES
TO NOT BE DROWNED IN SEAS OF LIES
CONDEMNED I LIE HERE SICKLY STARING
STARING AT THE DARKENED WALL
KNOWING THAT NO-WHERE NO-ONE'S CARING
AND REALLY THERE'S NOTHING LEFT AT ALL
SO I'LL JUST MERGE MY SOUL AND MORROW
AND TURN THE PAST INTO TOMORROW *

anonymous

In my mothers womb, I was conceived, I grew, I was born

The same as Jesus Christ

Like Christ I wanted peace and harmony for all and myself. Also like Christ,

I was denied

Unlike Christ, I had no power to heal the sick, or make the lame walk, but a kind word, a helping hand means a lot to the less fortunate than I,

Which I gave

Like Christ I believed there is a power greater than myself and my every effort has been to please my father

who art in Heaven

Like Christ I was able to keep the laws of my father, but unable to keep the laws of man as they are

much more severe

Like Christ I too was crucified in court, placed in this tomb which in reality is like death as I as not counted in society and life is slowly but surely

passing me by

Unlike Christ, this stone wall will not open itself for me after three days. Christ - with all his power - had to wait for release from his deth-prison state and release came

from God in Heaven

Like for Christ, this time of trouble and turmoil for me will pass. Meanwhile, I am stuck with this question:

IS I AM TO BECOME MAN'S GOD?

WHO?

you who walk

around

the people in khaki

softly peddling your wares

of shining blue

and gleaming gold shields -

when you are home

and night steals in upon

your every thought

longing

love

emotion

and being -

i stand back and ask

who

turns off the light after you get into bed?

john-john 3/14/72

because Lucky got me to thinking about Fitchie

lost,

the fantasies of childhood daydreams and playmates
the invincible cowboy has been destroyed
and all of the mind-mad indians,

are extinct

the childhood friends that were killed in mock war games

are gone now,

lost to a world that measures greatness by monetary value
the many quests for golden fleeces

destroyed their bodies

short circuited their nerves,

and demented their brains

doomed them;

to a tranquilizer and sleeping pill world,
sometimes taken to excess,

they enjoy the greatest thrill of all... death

or perhaps they were already dead

.....Perry

I'M GLAD I CAN'T REMEMBER HER NAME

Your Pooh-bear laugh was worn
& raggedy though I ate it with
paranoid eyes like a spoon

-that's the way you always were

"Well I got married,"

you'd say to my cat

oh you were scarey

your hair looking like wilted carrots

old b-b eyes & sexy as an ironing board scorched
with years of disintegrated use

"Guess who I killed yesterday,"

-smiling at your little joke but

you were serious and made me very
nervous

showing me all the new abcesses in your head

like you'd just done something extra cute

I'm glad I can't remember your name and

I sure hope you've forgotten mine

.....Luckenbach
10/71

IN A COLD-WATER WALK-UP FLAT NOT FAR FROM TOWN

As the cacaphonic clank of keys and doors demand that

I with blind ears see and taste the feel of justice

it suddenly occurs to me

that Reality is a crumpled bag of Velvet

a package of Top Cigarette papers

that my total assests consist of a stoic plastic cup

a Tiny-Alice broom

and a black buck-toothed comb

that Life is only a magazine shared by a khaki-clad

single-file horde

in a cold water walk-up flat

not far from town

and the mailman always seems to race on by.

.....1/5/69 Luckenbach
Deer Lodge, Mont.

OUTSTANDING INMAT PREFORMENCE REPORT

Facts an Specific Achivments: Inmat Jackleg has been a good inmat. He aint neever been in no truble atall to me or nobody else in this here prison. He has a heep of times vollenteared fer jobs that was not even his'n. A few days ago he was and instrument and high hep in fixen a truck that was broke. A bunch of men was tring to fix it and they cood;nt get it to do what the driver sed hit was doin. So inmat Jackleg went out and checks the work order and the tail nomber on the truk, and told em that they was workin on the wrong one. This is a tipical xample of inmat Jacklegs hi degre of tekni-ckle nollege and trublechuting abilitys. Another egzample of his fine deministration and exhalent qality was when one of the inmats in his crew got drunk on pruno and glue for thre days and inmat Jackleg dun his work fer him.

Strenths: Inmat Jackleg has a reel powerful hand grip. He lodes ckrap iron in truks with no diffcultys. He loded one peace that I node waid 2001 ponds. He also heps unlode pop off the truk fer the cantene.

Recomended improvment ereas: inmat Jackleg is a outstandin man cept when he is drumk on pruno. He come in the compond gate doin bout 70 miles a hour and run over a men one day and tore down the compond shack. He was fortunary thet he dint brake his nek. He is good wit a saw and hammer two and, he ct to have a leter of comeadition for a outstandin job he done fer this here place fer fixin the compond shak bak. He is a good inmat.

Sugested assinments: Assin him to a remot duty. He aint never got along wit udder inmats who tak about wimmen and gurls. One day two felers wus taling bout wimmen and they got in a fite bout who had the purtist gurl at hom. Inmat Jackleg tryed to brak up the fite and wond up in it hissef and whuped them both. I envestegated what the fite was about and why Jackleg got in it. I cum fo find out thet inmat Jackleg is hear fer bibimy and that he has a lot of respeck fer wimmen. It seams lik the to felers wus taking bout inmat Jacklegs wifes - both of em. They sed sompin thet wusnt very respeckful bout his wifes and he wus only defennin his wimmen. You got to respeck a man that will defen his wimmin like thet Therfor I am gona recomend to the Porole Bord thet this fine man be releaced as soon as pocible.

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